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**Review**

**E**aster

1911

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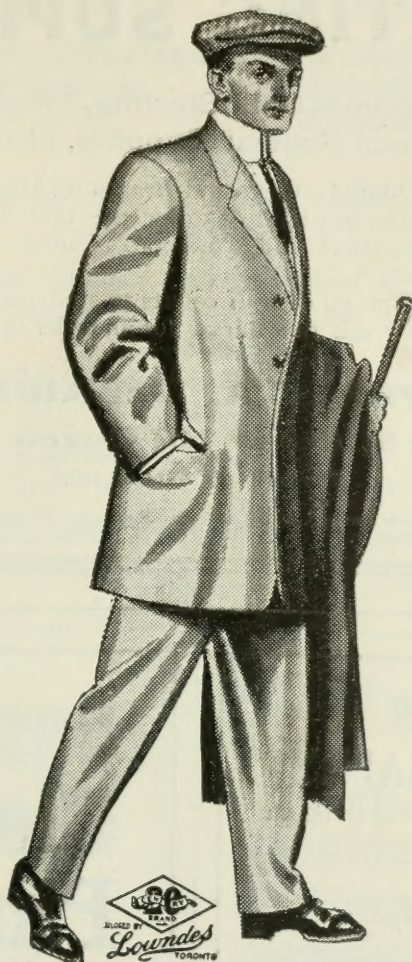
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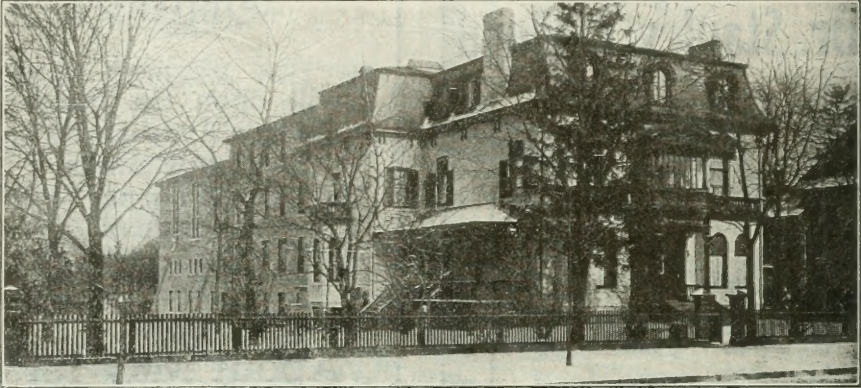
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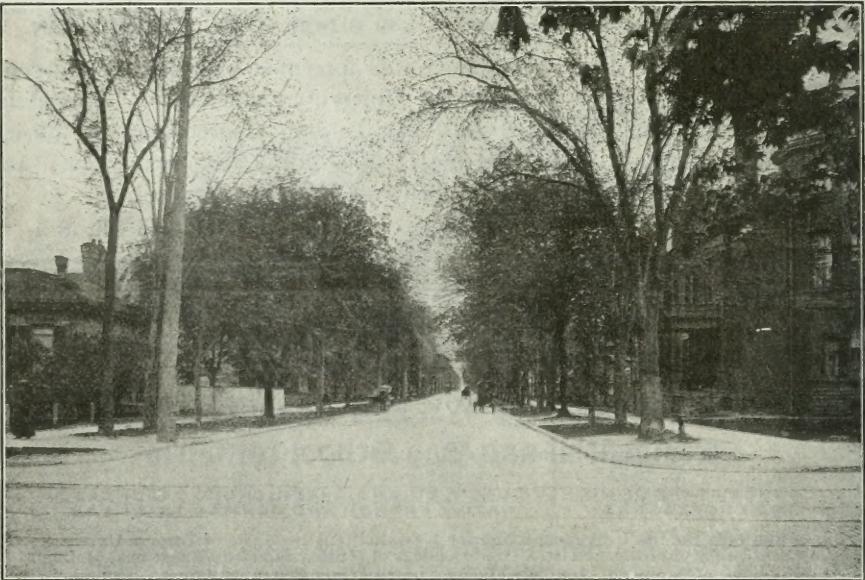
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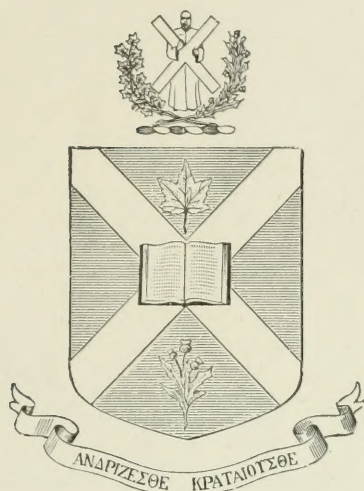
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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## E A S T E R, 1911

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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St. Andrew's College







S.A.C. FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.



# St. Andrew's College Review

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E A S T E R, 1911

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## THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE.

**L**AST week I was watching the international football match between Scotland and Ireland at Inverleith. About 25,000 people were looking on and 30 playing the game. It was good fun to look on, but I couldn't help feeling that I was "on the shelf." No more chances for me to do anything to help to win, except to shout. How many boys only find out the real downright joy of playing a good game when their chance to do well has gone by! I sailed to the North Sea in 1897, looking for a field to play my little game of life out in, because I thought I could be of more use to fill a gap there than anywhere I knew; and in 1892, when I saw a still better chance for some "bucking the line" in Labrador, I sailed my little schooner out there. There are many better countries. The North-West is a softer proposition than the N. E. of Canada. But the joy of anything isn't in the silver pot one wins, but in the fact that you make good against odds. That is so in every contest in life. I wouldn't *allow* a prize won by a "walk-over" to stand on my shelf.

Well, it has been good fun charting the coast; good fun helping to put up the hospitals and orphanage and stores. Lots of fellows from the universities have been down year after year helping me, and found it good fun. Three times Yale, Harvard and Princeton students have sailed small motor yawls all the way to Labrador for service on the coast. Not because it was easy; it wasn't, if judged by the numbers of telegrams their mothers sent while they were on the journey, but because they enjoyed *doing* something for others.

There are two students down breaking in deer for me this winter, to try and make the introduction of reindeer into Canada a success. It will mean a big leg up to the poor people in Labra-

dor if it succeeds. There is another fellow, just left the university, whom we call our "saint in overalls," because he lives in them all the week, doing engineer jobs, and on Sundays does the preaching.

We are trying now to build a home for our sailors in St. John's, where they all have to go for supplies and repairs, and to market their fish. One fellow, an All-American football man, is seeing to the local management. He was offered twice the salary I could afford last year to leave me. But he said, "I wouldn't lose the opportunity this will give me to help these fishermen for ten salaries."

There are not many "frills" in life in Labrador, but you will find, if any of the St. Andrew's boys come to pay us a visit, as I hope they may, that there is lots of fun and heaps to do, and plenty of chances to find out one doesn't know everything, in the life of a Labrador missionary.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

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## A HOODOO YACHT.

THREE years ago next June I had the most unlucky cruise in a yacht that it has ever been my part to go through—I will not say "enjoy," as enjoyment was altogether out of the question, with mystery and death lurking around; but more of that in the story.

I was just back from college, and to celebrate that fact had decided to take a two weeks' cruise in our boat, the "Davy Jones." So I hurriedly made up a party, consisting of several college chums and other friends. We hastily provisioned the yacht, and, taking on water and lots of gasoline, set out on a Friday at noon, which Friday, by the way, happened to be the thirteenth of the month. The paid hand, with the usual superstition of sailors, averred that "He warn't feeling very safe; this here starting out on a Friday was risky," and so on; but we ridiculed him. Superstition was not present among us. Since then I have changed my mind. I now believe in superstitions, and think you will agree with me that I have an excellent reason for so doing.

To return to the cruise. The first day out we planned to make Nanaimo, which is a nice afternoon's run for a fairly fast boat. Everything went well until about four o'clock. At that time we



were right in the centre of the Gulf, when a small cam shaft on the engine snapped and left us helpless. A fairly heavy sea was running at the time, and the wind was blowing up pretty stiff from the southwest. Nothing could be done to the damaged shaft, so we hoisted our small sail, which, as is the case on most gasoline cruisers, was more for ornament than anything else, and was not much use.

We drifted for most of the night, until about four in the morning, when the wind shifted to the southeast, and we were able to run before it into Nanaimo harbor, getting there about six.

We slept until about noon, and about two o'clock, after having the damaged shaft repaired, we set out again, this time for Buccaneer Bay, which is across the Gulf of Georgia and nearer our starting point. The trip across was uneventful. We got there at eight in the evening, and after eating started to enjoy ourselves, which consisted in finding a soft spot, and lying down to listen to the gramophone.

We were suddenly interrupted by screams from the shore, from which we were about two hundred yards out. The screams sounded like those of one being strangled, and were at first loud and long continued, but gradually became weaker and shorter. Three of us sprang into the dinghy, which was riding at the stern, and rowed ashore, to find two or three campers standing about a corpse on the sand.

The body was that of a stranger to the campers and ourselves. It was that of a medium-sized man, in rough clothes, and with unshaven face and long hair. By the marks on his neck we could see that he had been strangled to death. As we could do nothing we rowed back to the yacht, several of the campers taking charge of the body.

Needless to say, we slept very little that night. Death and mystery are not conducive to sleep, no matter how sleepy one may be. Quite early the next morning, after going ashore and finding out that no further tragedy had occurred, we hoisted our anchor and proceeded up coast, making for VanAnda, a small mining village on Texada Island.

The trip was quite enjoyable and helped us to forget the gruesome tragedy of the night before. We passed on the way a large school of whales sporting in the bright sun. They would dive and

come up head first, spouting water to great heights. Several of them were so close that we could see the barnacles on their backs.

We reached our destination in the afternoon and cast anchor behind a small island in the outer cove and went ashore in the dinghy. After roaming about on shore for a while, we rowed back to the yacht and enjoyed a good meal, for our ramble on shore had whetted our appetites.

After dinner the Chinese cook asked to go ashore to see a friend of his, who, he said, was cooking for a mine boarding house. We gave him permission, and the paid hand rowed him ashore, telling him to be at the wharf at eleven o'clock sharp.

At eleven the man went ashore to get him, but no Chinaman appeared, so he rowed back to the yacht, cursing, as only a sailor can, the whole "blankety-blank race of pig-tailed Chinks."

Little did we imagine what had happened to our cook. Next morning we went ashore to look him up. The first thing that met our eyes on the wharf was Chung Loo's hat in a pool of blood. We searched around, but could not find the Chinaman, or any trace of him. So we notified the town's one policeman, and looked for another cook.

Our only applicant was a silent individual who, he said, had previously worked at a logging camp, and could "cook anything that was ever cooked." We weren't over-delighted with his looks, but as he was our only chance we took him. It was either that or do the work ourselves.

We left VanAnda the next morning at the break of day for Lund. On the way up we discussed our experience at Buccaneer Bay, and our cook's supposed death at Van Anda. The paid hand reminded us that we had started out on a Friday, and predicted that more ill-luck would follow us. We again laughed at him. We reached Lund late in the day after stopping at several points of interest on the way, and there, in a pretty cove, sheltered by a small, rocky island, we anchored for the night.

We spent a quiet and enjoyable evening. It was bright moonlight, and the reflection of the moon on the water stretching across the passage to Savary Island, with the sombre shadows cast by the wooded islands, was indeed beautiful. At about nine o'clock we heard a great threshing of the water beyond the little island. On rowing out we discovered that it was caused by a school of



dolphins going north. They were wallowing and jumping about in the water. One of them jumped clear out of the water right in the track of the moon. It was a wonderful and interesting sight to watch.

After rowing back to the yacht we soon went to bed, and, early next morning, set out for Campbell River, the world-famous fishing ground. Our cook, up to this time, was good, as far as cooking went, but terribly silent as a companion. This day he seemed more silent than ever. During the morning he sat on deck for over an hour, speaking to no one, but continually mumbling to himself. It was hard on one's nerves.

After rounding Cape Mudge, which is, perhaps, the most dangerous point on the coast, we started up towards Seymour Narrows, and in a short time we reached Campbell River. After staying there for a couple of hours we decided to go right up to the Narrows. Seymour Narrows has perhaps the worst tide of any place in B. C. waters. It is a place to be feared in rough weather by even the largest of boats, but as the day was calm and clear we decided to take chances on it, and started up.

We reckoned that at the time we would get there the tide would be at the turn, so it would be with us both going and coming back. The trip up was very interesting, mountains on both sides of us, and whirling water, full of eddies and miniature whirlpools, all about us.

As we drew near the Narrows the whirlpools and eddies became larger and as we reached the Narrows they assumed fearsome proportions. We saw a huge sawlog, about five feet in diameter and forty feet long, whirled around, slowly lifted up on one end, and gradually sucked down in one of these vortices. That satisfied us. We had seen enough of the Narrows to suit us; so we turned about, as the tide was just at the turn, and set back for Campbell River.

Just as we turned about to go back, our silent cook stuck his head out of the forward hatch and pulled himself up to the top of the cabin. He sat there a minute or so, and then, with a loud shriek, sprang to his feet and dived into the seething water! We were helpless to save him. In about two seconds he was in a whirlpool, and slowly, yet surely, was sucked down, a wicked leer on his face all the while!

This proved to be the last straw. We were terrified. First, a stranger; next, our Chinese cook, and now, a second cook! We decided to return to Vancouver at once, which we did, and, by running night and day, got there late the following day, all very glad to be back to our own anchorage at the Yacht Club.

Nothing was ever cleared up about Chang Loo's death, and the second cook's body was never found; but the police found out that the strange man had been killed by a logger in an old feud, started years before.


It was a most uncomfortable cruise and one that we will not forget for a while. Since then I never start any trip on a Friday.

DOUGLAS S. SCOTT.

---

## A RATHER STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Dear Sensibility! O la,  
 I heard a little lamb cry Ba!  
 Says I, "You have lost mama,  
 Dear Sensibility! O la!"

 ONE day as I was poring over some volumes of forgotten lore, I happened upon this ancient classic. My attention was held, not only by the striking originality of the piece, but by the remarkably high vein of inspiration that runs through it. I was lost in admiration, and read it again and again. Then suddenly a happy thought came to me: I remembered that Alfred was particularly fond of this sort of thing. Why not take it around and show it to him? It was early in the afternoon, and it I set out at once I might have time to call on William.

Alfred was charmed with the poem, but objected that it might possibly be improved; that it lacked somewhat in finish and beauty of expression. I was rather taken aback at this, but was quite willing that he should do better if he thought he could. And so, nothing daunted, he sat him down, and after careful thought and due consideration, he produced this:



Ask me no more; the twilight lingers on;  
 The moon doth now, with laughing eyes, unclasp  
 Her velvet robe of pines, and all the air  
 Breathes like a babe in sleep; when far from out  
 The gloom there comes a cry, as of a lamb,  
 Dear Sensibility, must we two part?

Ask me no more.

And now the moon hath sunk in slumber sweet;  
 The pines mourn low in mournful melody;  
 From out the East a little breeze doth leap  
 To greet the sun; but what is this I hear?  
 What sound doth greet my ear that seems to tell  
 Of sorrow dwelling in the souls of men?  
 Ah, days that are no more, it is the lamb!  
 Her voice in many a wail unto the skies  
 She now doth raise in loud expectancy.  
 Dear Sensibility, to thee I turn.  
 What common bond doth bind this verse and thee?

Ask me no more.

I remarked that indeed his version was an improvement in point of elaboration and finish in detail, but that he had failed to bring out the larger thought with such clearness and perspicuity as in the original. And so, bidding him good-day, I took my way to the Globe, hoping to pick up William after the rehearsal. Fortunately I did; for he was just setting out for an evening's frolic at the Cheshire Cheese as I came along. "How is little Hamnet, and the wife?" I asked. "O, passing well, old fellow," said he; "got a letter from them this morning. But what's that you've got there?" "O, yes, the very thing I wanted to speak to you about," said I, and I showed him the poem. "Excellent!" said he, "excellent—especially the pathetic appeal to Sensibility. But don't you think it somewhat lacks in dramatic fire and energy? Suppose we try this." And straightway he recited the following as we went along, and I eagerly wrote it down:

Enter Romeo, and after him Mercutio, singing.

Mercutio: O, la, la, la, la, dear Sensibility—

Romeo: Ah, Juliet— (Sighing.)

Mer.: There was a lamb—

Rom.: Peace, peace; thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer.: Nay, nay, fair coz; there was a lamb; its fleece  
As white as snow; and everywhere that Mary—

Rom.: Come thou between us, Good Benvolio;  
I faint. That "Mary" was the sticking place;  
I can bear't no longer.

Mer.: Come, be not out wi' me, sweet Romeo;  
The lamb was such a lamb; its fleece as white  
As were the lily-beds wherethrough it roamed,  
The neighbors' lily-beds, who straightway 'gan  
To call down all the gods; but eyes, O eyes,  
That seem'd to've borrowed the violets' hue;  
And such a bleat, when it did warble Ma,  
That to my soles my heart did sink—.

Rom.: Ah, poor soul; then wert thou solely stirred  
To see thy heart thus sink unto thy soles.

(Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.)

And now we had reached the Cheshire Cheese. "Well, dear old chap," I cried, as I recognized Homer, "this is certainly well met. How are all the folks? Helen still up to her old tricks, I suppose?" "Well, no," he replied, "not exactly. The fact is, she's dead." "Dead!" I almost shrieked. "When's the funeral?" "Why, —er, she's been dead for some time," he replied. That was the finishing touch, and I would have fallen on the floor in a faint if Mr. Browning had not happened along just then and very kindly assisted me to my feet. "Oh, I say, Browning, I've something here you'd like to see," and I showed him the poem. "Why, that's excellent, old man; rather stiff, perhaps, but still very good. What do you think of this, though?" And he took up a bit of paper, dashed off a few lines and asked me to read it aloud to the rest:

That's my last lambkin hanging on the wall,  
Been there a week or two. I wish you'd call  
Around to-morrow night; we'll have him done  
In bread-crumbs. Ah, there's my Falernian,  
Moselle and Rüdersheimer over there.  
The German wines are best, you think? I swear  
By Liebfraumilch. What's that? You don't like Smith?



An excellent chap, old man! I saw him with  
 Your friend the other night. But, pray take care!  
 Look out for that swing-shelf—the stairs are there.  
 So Smith's engaged? Poor chap! That's just the cat;  
 I forgot to put her out to-night. Now that  
 They say's by Graff—you know the man?—  
 Considered quite a rarity. I can  
 Not tell the date—the sixteenth century  
 Perhaps. Must go so soon? O, yes, I see.

Many of us thought his version was rather good; but the Doctor could not stand it. Homer, however, was so tickled with the idea that he begged to be allowed to give his version. And so, reaching for his lyre, he began in this wise:

And, stretching out his blind hands, thus spake Polyphemus the mighty:

“O, my dear lamb, why now last of all dost thou rush from the cave's mouth?

Others outstripped in thy pride, thou didst crop the tender young grass-shoots;

Long were thy strides, and first didst thou come to the streams of the rivers;

First thou didst crave to return to thy home when the evening descended.

Now of the flock art thou last, and loudly thy dam thou bewaileth. Truly, bright-eyed Sensibility not thus doth advise thee.

Come, dispel from thy soul black grief, from thy heart vain sorrow.”

Thus having spake in his woe, Polyphemus the mighty was silent.

And now the candles began to sputter, slowly the last coals in the great fireplace breathed forth their life, and all was silent. “Well, coming home, Willie? Good-night, gentlemen.” And off we went.

G. M. VOGT.

## AN EXPERIENCE.

A MARCH wind howled about the eaves of the house and down the chimneys, making the rain beat fiercely against the window-panes. It was the kind of a night when one felt glad to be inside.

We, the "Knights of the Oblong Table," had just finished our weekly banquet and retired to the living room, where, having pulled up our chairs before a warm fire, and filled our pipes, we settled back comfortably for an evening's enjoyment, which consisted of an uninterrupted smoke and a story from one of the members. For a few moments no one spoke; a film of bluish-grey smoke hung in the air, and I, half-closing my eyes, saw my lodge brothers as from afar off, all leaning back in their chairs, sending out great clouds of smoke. I had almost fallen asleep when I heard the voice of Sir Henry St. Clair, our president and leader, break through the stillness of the after-dinner quiet.

"My dear Knights," said he, "I would fain remind you of the business of the meeting. I have been away most of the week, and only returned this afternoon, chiefly for the purpose of attending the banquet. Carlton, I believe it is your turn for a story. Kindly let us have one if you will."

"Well," replied Carlton, "I have had several very remarkable experiences, and until this morning was very undecided as to which one I should tell. However, I finally made up my mind, and, if you are all ready, here it is:—

It was in July of the summer of '96 that I found myself in the city of Montreal, on the road for the Boyd, Webster & Co. jewelry firm of this city. I had been there for three days since the 10th, and was scheduled to leave the next morning, the 14th. Having finished my work by noon on the 13th, I determined to hire a canoe and spend the afternoon on the water. This I did, and had a very enjoyable time, returning to my hotel about seven o'clock in the evening. I immediately set out for a restaurant, and being rather hungry managed to put away a fairly good meal.

After dinner I went back to the hotel, and, leaving directions at the office for the bell-boy to call me early, I finished my packing and saw to my jewelry, which I always carried in a small hand-



satchel. It being then about 9.30 o'clock, I got into bed, and, after reading for a while, turned out my light and was soon fast asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I came to my senses, I was walking, fully clothed, on one of the residential avenues of the city. I don't know how I got there, but I must have had a nightmare, for there I was, over a mile from my hotel, and getting farther away every minute. On consulting my watch, I found that it wanted but twenty minutes to one o'clock; then I set out at a fast walk for my hotel, thinking it would be as well to try and get in a few hours' sleep before morning.

I had been walking about five minutes, when I noticed a slim figure, not far away, coming toward me at a rapid pace. We were soon close together, and I was about to pass by when the girl (for it was a young French lady) stopped me, exclaiming in a tremulous voice: "Oh, monsieur, I fear I am followed by two men. Would you have the goodness to accompany me home? It is but four or five blocks away, and it will not take us long."

In those days I was easily charmed by a pretty face, and especially by one in distress, so, although I was in a hurry to get back to my room, I determined to play the knight-errant and see the "distressed lady" home.

"With the greatest of pleasure, mademoiselle," I replied; "if you will tell me your address, we will go on now, and ——"

Hearing a movement behind me, I whirled around quickly, and ducked just in time to escape a heavy blow from a club, aimed at my head by a tall, dark-complexioned man in a grey suit. Leaping forward, I planted a stiff right-hander between his eyes and he went down like a log. I heard the girl behind me call out, "Antoine, Armand"; heard men running up to her, and I set off at a run, as I thought, toward my hotel, but really toward the outskirts of the city.

I had a good start, but, being a slow runner, it was not long before my pursuers were close behind. I had discovered my mistake by now, and was soon outside the city limits, striking across country. By this time my foremost pursuer was but a few yards behind, and I had determined to turn and put up a fight for freedom, when I tripped over a root and fell headlong.

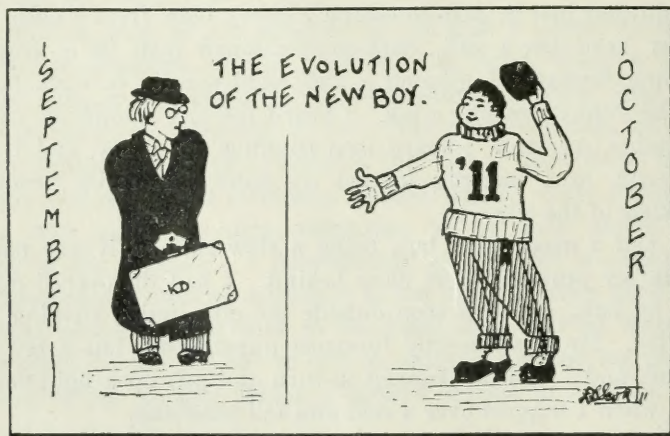
Immediately the first man was upon me, and we entered into a terrific hand-to-hand encounter. I was on top and clutching my assailant's throat, had just succeeded in freeing myself from his tenacious grip, when the second man arrived. They soon had me overpowered and tied up, and by that time the girl and the man in the grey suit, whom I had knocked down, had arrived, and they started to go through my clothes. I was quickly despoiled of my watch and wallet, as well as my big diamond ring, which I always wore as an advertisement. My identification papers were seized with a snarl of triumph and handed to the girl, who hurriedly perused the contents, now and then uttering an exclamation of satisfaction. Finally she finished reading, and, folding up the papers, slipped them in her bag, then: "It is he, the jewelry man," she said in a calm voice; "brothers, do your work, then we will go to his room, where the jewels are."

I was lifted from the ground and carried a little way, then I was raised high in the air. Horrors! We were on the edge of a cliff, with the St. Lawrence flowing placidly fifty feet below. For a moment I saw the shining water, then I was falling over and over, clutching at the empty air.

Splash! I struck the surface, felt the water close over my head, and——

I awoke to find the grinning hotel bellboy standing beside my bed with an empty glass in his hand, the contents of which he had just discharged over my head.

S. H. CRAWFORD.





## HARRY O'DELL.

THE arrival of Harry O'Dell at the college promised to be an event of unparalleled interest—due almost entirely to its mysterious surroundings: and what schoolboy does not revel in mystery!

It was on the memorable day, October the third, nineteen hundred and nine, that the "Head" when presiding at the prefects' weekly meeting made the momentous announcement. "Boys," he said, "I have just received the communication that a young chap, Harry O'Dell by name, is coming here to school from Ireland. In the letter to hand his father asks that he be well treated, as he has just passed through a very trying ordeal." Here he stopped. "Of what nature this was I am as entirely in the dark as you, and indeed it is not without certain misgivings that I have decided to accept his application. However, I trust all will be for the best. I have spoken to you beforehand so you will be prepared—treat him accordingly. Perhaps you had better keep this to yourselves," he concluded, "as it might create a disturbance among the younger boys. That is all I have to say, and, unless there is any further business, the meeting may now be adjourned."

It soon became evident that one of those present on the aforementioned occasion had taken the earlier part of the Doctor's address much more seriously to heart than the latter, for inside of two days inklings of the story had slipped out and, you may rest assured, had spread like wildfire. Soon some youth, favored with a more than generous imagination, boldly asserted that "Irish," as he familiarly styled him, had quarreled openly with his parents, who, unwilling to cast him from the family hearth forever, had compromised on boarding school experience in Canada. This they considered would soon teach the recreant the value of regarding paternal advice. Thus the few facts known were distorted and enlarged until they attained the most ridiculous proportions. Small wonder was it that everyone was abnormally excited when his arrival was reported. What the poor boy would have done had he been aware of the commotion he was causing I know not. However, there is little use in surmising.

Suffice it to say that there was a surprise in store even for the

least suspicious. For who could attribute any such extraordinary qualities as had been hinted at to the genial, cheery-faced Irish lad who drifted into their lives from that day forth. Good humor seemed to be his chief asset. For a new boy, he was a model of propriety. No one even thought of playing jokes on him. Gradually, the widely circulated stories lost credence, and although several boys, more inquisitive than the rest, were determined to unravel their theories, something seemed to restrain them. He was a boy to invite confidences rather than to impart them. Possibly an inborn delicacy concerning other people's affairs also had something to do with it. Whatever it was, it soon became evident that any revelations must come of his own accord.

Finally, and to a very limited audience, they came. One night, early in November, bitterly cold it was, and the first snow storm of the year, driven by a furious gale, was sweeping over the land, "Irish" and his chum, Fred Haywood, were seated around the small grate fire in their room. Both were trying to get warm, and appeared occupied with their own thoughts, when O'Dell broke the silence.

"Fred, old man," he said, "I don't know why I should tell you this, but I feel that it is better for you all to know. You have been the least inquiring concerning my affairs, and, as a reward, I am going to tell you first. Fred, I came here to escape committing a crime." He paused, and Haywood could not help observing how hard his face had grown.

"Last summer Martin Reid, then one of my greatest friends, and I fell in love with the same girl. You look surprised, but remember I was twenty and held a splendid position in my father's office. From that hour our friendship slowly but surely lessened. We grew jealous of each other. The night before her family left for a seaside resort we both called. Things came to a crisis. Then, in a hot-headed moment, Martin asked her to choose between us. Naturally, she demurred. I grew excited also, and we pressed the issue, leaving with the satisfaction that the one invited to spend the next week with them could consider himself the favored suitor, which point we finally gained. Oh, the suspense of those few days! Imagine my delight on Thursday to receive the long-wished-for message. I became almost delirious with joy.

"Arriving at my destination, I was astonished to find the place



deserted, seemingly just lately. At this juncture I noticed a note lying on the steps. With a great foreboding of evil, I opened it and read in my rival's handwriting: 'Just too late, old man. I guess we will be married soon. I sent the telegram. Who said "Stung?"'

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. It had all been a cruel hoax. A passion of hate overcame me, and, then and there, I swore never to forgive him. He kept out of my way for quite a while, but one day, when we met by chance, I nearly killed him. Indeed, but for the intervention of his father, I might have. When I look back I thank God for that. To save a public scandal and in deference to my wishes I was sent here." His voice softened "You fellows have been awfully kind to me, and I begin to feel that I have conquered my weaknesses. But, no matter what happens, I will never believe that she had anything to do with it. Sometimes I wish I had told her where I was going, but I guess it is just as well. You can do what you think best about telling the other fellows."

Only then was it that Haywood realized how forced his gaiety must have been. That night he fought it out with himself, and it was only after hours of ceaseless worry that he determined to give his schoolmates possession of the leading facts. How rightly he had judged he was soon to learn.

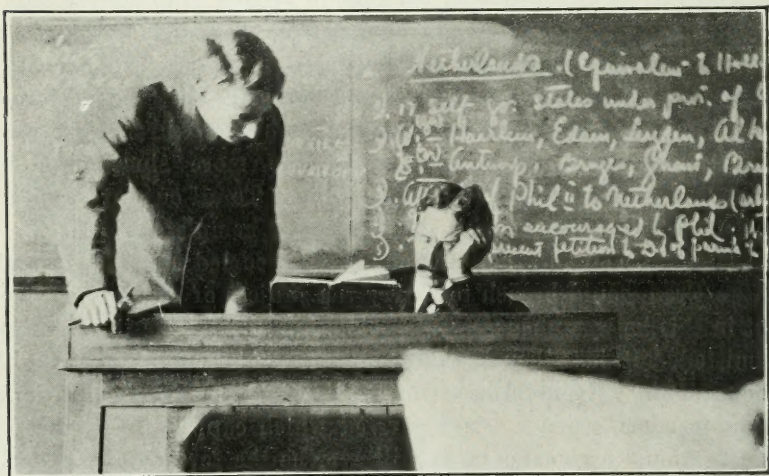
Touched by the pathos of the tale, or stirred to action by admiration of Harry's lonely fight against sin, the heart of the whole school went out to lighten his burden. Everyone had a cheery word for him, and in a thousand and one ways they heaped kindnesses on him. The effect was soon noticeable. Naturally of a very bright disposition, his laugh soon became more sincere and he evidenced genuine pleasure in everything. To all outward appearances he had conquered his dark passions completely.

Time wore on and the summer holidays loomed up close at hand. Often Fred would broach to Harry the subject of returning home; but in this he was unsuccessful. Time might alter his thoughts, he admitted, but just then he could not trust himself to face his old friend again. Everything seemed satisfactorily settled for several years to come, when a letter arrived which capped the climax to as sensational a romance as it will ever be the fortune of a school-boy to be involved in. The note was addressed to Harry, and, to his great surprise, was from Martin Reid. It read as follows:

"Dear Harry,—

"I suppose you will be intensely astonished to hear from me. However, I feel I must confess all to you. I will not ask your pardon for the low trick I played on you. So much I could not expect. All I ask is to think as kindly of me as you can. I tell you frankly she had nothing to do with it. It did not take much brain-power to lay the trap I did for you. I easily induced her to go for a walk that night, and as her father and mother happened to be away, fortune favored me. But she refused me after all. How I wish you had killed me when you had the chance. Since then I have sunk lower and lower. Now I am wanted for three different crimes. I wrote to her also, and cleared your actions. I cannot bear the suspense much longer. To-night I leave for Africa, where I will endeavor to lead a new life. Oh, what a terrible past I have had! Excuse this rambling, but I cannot connect my thoughts. Good-bye."

Two days later "Irish" was gone. Of his subsequent struggles before he regained his former standing it is not my purpose to relate. Suffice it to say that the thought of his schoolmates often cheered him up when things looked blue. He and his wife are to be guests at the next old boys' reunion. The value of a kind word spoken in season can never be truly estimated.



A Difficult Sentence



## YE GAME.

AND it came to pass in the fourth year of the reign of the "King" that the tribe of the McGillites did send messengers into the region of Room Eight, challenging the "Pro" team of the school (which is us) to a tournament upon the ice.

2. And it happened that those who had aforetime sustained the honor of the nation against the Plebeians of the fifth forms assembled, and also the others, and, lo, it did commence.

3. And a mighty youth of valor, tall in the records of fame, Bill, surnamed Hanna (which, being interpreted, is of lengthy stature), did retire into the snowbank that he might ascertain whether snow would cause blood to cease to flow from the olefactory organ. And, behold, he straightway returned.

4. And about the fifth hour one Ross, or Dudley, did turn himself about, and upraising the instrument of warfare, did encircle his head and the heads of others with the same three times in salutation of the gods, and fell upon the ice. And the sacrifice proving favorable, he himself did arise and thereupon did score a goal.

5. Who may contend with the will of immortals, or which of men avert the divine judgments of the all-powerful fates?

## CHAPTER II.

1. And straightway upon the resumption of combat in the second period of the war, the "Pros" did also score one, and Hanna one, and Junor another.

2. And he of the warriors, Rusty, alias Risteen (which is by interpretation one who comes from a Bum Country), did roll through the lines of the forwards and defence. But Hewitt the Thug (meaning an excellent goal-keeper) did turn aside the bowl. Therefore, O ye skilled in the art of rhyming, exalt his name to the skies, and extol his praises to the stars of Heaven!

3. And Ross (which means a bluff) did retire unto the roost for maliciously succeeding in placing Junor, a valiant and noble youth, upon his head.

4. And when the aforesaid Ross did return into the strife, he

did presently again go to the abode of scrappers, and with him Hanna, of whom mention has been made above.

5. And then they, our enemies, did score a goal, and shortly after Foster (the woodchopper) visited the boards for the space of one period.

6. And after him Campbell did also likewise. Whereupon the "Pros," deprived of their Geordie, did for the third time allow the puck to enter within the precincts of the goalkeeper, he being greatly in wrath.

7. And immediately the game was ended, owing to the efficient time-keeping of the camp-followers of Five B., and the erstwhile nobility did retire upon their shields.

J. A.

## RUGBY SCHOOL AND BIG SIDE "HARE AND HOUNDS."

IF you will come with me to one of the very oldest of England's "playing fields" I will do my best to interest and show you a few of the inner workings and one of its branches of sports, viz., the "Big Side Hare and Hounds."

On the banks of the winding Avon, in the County of Warwickshire, stands the little town of Rugby. Early in the sixteenth century there lived a rich, worthy yeoman named Lawrence Sheriff, who, in his last will and testament, left a considerable sum of money for the purpose of founding a Public School for the educating primarily of a certain number of town boys and others within a certain radius. In the year 1567, buildings were commenced, and the now famous Rugby School was the result. As century after century rolled by, the school increased by leaps and bounds; building was added to building, until at the present the famous Warwickshire school stands second to none among the many noted centres of learning in the old country. Tradition has piled up on tradition, and proud is the boy who is able and fortunate enough to be enrolled on its books, and who wanders around its ancient and modern walls, doubtless often hoping that he may be a factor in future days of increasing its already great volume of



"history." Like many other sister schools of Britain, old Rugby has carved out her own manners and customs, and few are the boys, either British, Colonial, or American, who have not read "Tom Brown's School Days," and become familiar with some of them.

A visitor to the school close would be struck with the picturesque variety of costume that prevails among the boys. Three kinds of head-dress are allowed—one being a straw hat bound with ribbon, a cloth cap, and lastly a velvet cap. For the first six months of his career he is not permitted to wear the straw hat, but is compelled to walk abroad in a "chimney pot." After that he can assume the head-dress to which he has a right. His hat ribbon denotes the house in which he lives, likewise his cloth cap. His greatest ambition, however, is the velvet cap, or *The Cap*, as it is styled. This can only be worn by those who have specially distinguished themselves in football, and is solemnly conferred by the captain of the school and a few other magnates. He then belongs to the "House of Lords." The color of the velvet denotes the house to which he belongs. Thus, a dark crimson belongs to the School House; purple denotes a town boy; other houses wear black, blue, orange and other colors. Another distinction may be obtained, viz., a walking-stick. This is the prerogative of the Sixth Form only. The wearing of flannels is also a stepping-stone to Velvet Cap and Stick, the crowning ambition of all aspirants to school fame. While not put on honor with regard to smoking, it is nevertheless frowned down upon and forbidden. If persisted in after several warnings, the offender was expelled, a terrible disgrace, drastic but efficacious, for it not only improved the moral atmosphere tremendously, but raised the school reputation greatly throughout the country. A late Archbishop of Canterbury, during his regime as Head Master, was largely responsible for sweeping reforms in this direction. So impartial and stern was he as to earn from one of the boys the following character: "He is a beast, but he is a just beast." A remark which, had it only been overheard by the future Primate, would, I am certain, have evoked a smile, martinet though he was in many ways. But we are digressing too much.

For many years Rugby has been noted for its "Big Side Hare and Hounds." On certain dates throughout the winter months one would notice great excitement among the fags of each House,

word having come from the "powers that be" that such-and-such a House was to provide scent for next Big Side meet. On the day selected, if one followed the movements, out would pour a stream of boys, big and little, some in "flannels," others in old clothes, nearly all wearing white jerseys, on the left breast of which was embroidered the badge or symbol of the House to which the boy belonged. Thus, you may see anchors, crosses, spread-eagles, while the School House bears the sombre effigy of a skull and cross-bones in black. Away streams the crowd of fifty, sixty, and sometimes over a hundred hounds to the starting place, sometimes the Dakyn's farm house, at others the White House, the famous starting place for the long Barby run, so splendidly chronicled in "Tom Brown's School Days." After a few minutes' delay the hares buckle on their bags of "scent" and are allowed ten minutes' grace, at the expiration of which away springs the tide of humanity in every kind of locomotion, bad and good (mostly bad). The five or ten minutes at fever heat; after that the Deluge for half the youthful following, who wander home in various frames of mind and mire. The other half, jogging along sturdily, with here and there a check, begin at last to surmount the deadly Barby Hill, and proud is he who is able at last to cross its crest and drag his weary limbs around the Churchyard, knowing that the crux of his labors is nearly two-thirds over. A capital run in on the Dunchurch road forms a fitting climax to the nearly nine-mile course. Then into one's dormitories or washrooms for a heavenly wash and rub-down. After that, "call-over," tea, and the thrilling recount of the afternoon's exploits and disasters forms a fitting climax to that great old Rugby Big Side "Hare and Hounds."

J.

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There was a young lady named Banker,  
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.  
She awoke in dismay  
When she heard the mate say,  
"Hoist up the top-sheet and spanker!"



## SUPERSTITION.

SOME people have always had the idea that there is a meaning in their dreams or a story in the little things that happen in every-day life, such as by seeing a black snake, the man will expect some catastrophe before sunset. Hence something will naturally befall him because he is seeking trouble.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years ago I was taking a stage trip from Sayula to Flojonales, a distance of about 170 miles. I was alone in the coach but for the driver, who, after having looked over the harness of his sixteen mules, jumped to the seat beside me and let out the restless animals.

We had been bumping along the old coach trail for about an hour, when a small snake wriggled across the trail. The driver leaned back, and the leading mules reared up. The rest all stopped as one, and the brakes ground on the muddy tires of the old coach.

"Are we going on?" said the driver, turning to me and gently swinging the lash of the long black-snake to and fro in front of the right wheel.

"What's going to stop us?" I asked.

"You saw the snake, sir?"

"Yes," I admitted that I had seen the little reptile struggle over the heavy ruts in the road.

"That is bad, sir," he said with a downcast face. "Anything may happen now. Let's turn back and start out to-morrow with a clean path before us."

"No," said I, "this is all foolishness, I tell you. There's no use losing all this time. Go on."

With a snap of the whip, the mules bounded forward with one accord. All went well for about four hours, as we rolled along over the uneven ground. The sun was directly overhead, casting the shadow directly under the vehicle. Sweat was pouring off the mules' bellies, and they breathed hard.

Suddenly, after a large rock in the road had been jolted over, we plunged sideways. I, being nearest the ground, jumped into a large cactus, expecting at any moment to have the coach fall over

and crush me. But no; it righted itself, and the driver held his place, while I disengaged myself from the thorns and climbed back on to the box.

We resumed our journey in the hot sun, and everything went well until we reached the first relay. Then, of all the bad luck! Just as we were leading the coach into the corral the left fore-wheel struck the gate-post and ripped off. The noise frightened the mules; they plunged forward in unison, and left the back wheel on the ground beside the other, making the post look like a conquering hero.

I slept under a tree all night while the driver and two other men tinkered away on the axles and finally got two new wheels on by the morning.

An hour before sunrise we were leaving the river, with the little relay corral far down in the misty valley. The driver spoke: "We should not have left yesterday, having the snake cross our path."

"Do you really think that to be the cause of all our trouble?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir," he said, and even as he raised the whip to snap one of the lagging mules, the black-snake fell with a loud report. The mule kicked high and hard, striking its follower squarely on the forehead. It staggered for a moment, and plunged forward insensible, dragging its side-mates on top of it, pulling the mule that kicked back on its haunches, and before the brake could be applied the coach had shoved the back mules on the struggling heap. The harness looked like a seine that had entrapped a fish that it could not hold.

The driver jumped down and waded into the mass of kicking mules. Here he let loose a buckle; there he removed a bridle and bit, replacing it with a rope halter, neatly coiling the harness and laying the pieces by the side of the road. The unharnessed mules were tethered to bushes and limbs of trees, while those which had kept their feet were quieted and left standing in their places. Then the driver set to work mending the broken harness. We were both sulky, he believing in his superstition, and I sulked because of the heat; but after two hours' steady work the sixteen mules were ready to run on again.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when mountains



began to show on the horizon. This cheered us up a little and we started a conversation. We figured that if we ran till eight o'clock we would be at the foot-hills, where the second corral of mules would be waiting. So, according to the old song, "Merrily we rolled along," and reached the little stream, with its ford, and the small corral, with the mules gazing stolidly at us over the bars.

That night we both slept soundly, he under the coach and I on a pile of alfalfa.

In the morning light the mountains looked nearer and larger than they did on the misty night before. When I woke up the driver was just bringing the mules up from the stream. We had some breakfast and started up the white road that wormed its way through the majestic mountains. It was a splendid day; the wind was cool and the sunlight soft, and we were both in good spirits. I am afraid that we felt so good that our flasks were made considerably lighter. Hence, the forenoon passed quickly. We had something to eat at noon; although I cannot recall to mind just what it was, I distinctly remember we had it.

About one o'clock we overtook a man driving a pack of burros. He was returning to the same place as I was going to.

Towards the middle of the afternoon dark clouds were rolling in the canyons below us. We were in the mountain district now; the road ran right beside a huge precipice, the wall of which might have been about two hundred feet high.

The storm was rising, thunder was rolling, the wind was howling through the trees and bending them in every direction.

I had my foot on the mailbag, and for some reason or other I lifted my leg, and over it went, between the coach and the wheel. The mules were frightened by the storm and were prancing about in a dangerous manner. The driver dared not leave the reins, so I jumped down just as a long whip of lightning whipped across the sky and the thunder crashed with a terrible roar.

I ran back for the mailbag and only turned round in time to see the back wheels of the coach scrape sideways over the edge of the cliff. The driver jumped toward the side of the road just as the vehicle slid over, but his foot was entangled in the reins, and he was jerked over. The mules struggled hard, with fear in their eyes, but the weight of the coach finally dragged them back. I ran to the edge of the cliff in time to see the struggling mass sink

into the swirling cloud-banks below. Then the black clouds rolled over the scene like a shroud.

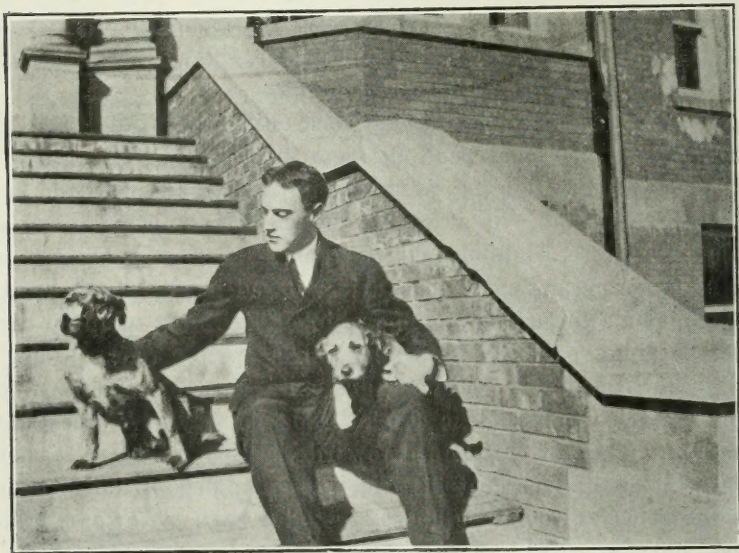
What could I do? Nothing but wait. So I crawled back into the middle of the road and lay there. I was sick. I could not help thinking what I had just escaped.

In an hour or so the storm cleared away. The sun shone brightly again, but I could not bring myself to look into the abyss.

Suddenly I thought I heard the trampling of hoofs. I sat up, wondering if my brain was still with me. I drank the remainder of my brandy. The noise was coming nearer. I arose dizzily to my feet, looked down the trail, and saw the little band of burros and the man we had overtaken not three hours before.

As he drew near I tried to yell, but failed. He saw me, and ran up, leaving his patient animals to stand and get what rest they could. He spoke no word. He looked up and down the road, saw the new ruts on the edge, crawled toward them and peered over for a long time. Then he came back and asked me if I was fit to ride. I nodded and mounted his horse, while he rode one of the pack burros.

W. D. WILLIAMS.



Beauty and the Beasts.

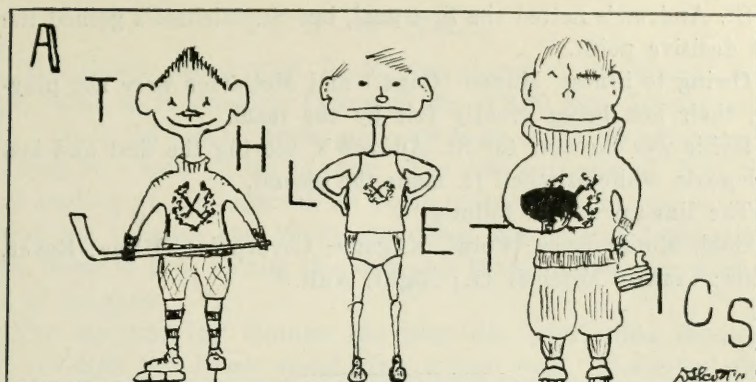






S.A.C. SECOND HOCKEY TEAM.





## HOCKEY.

**A**LTHOUGH the hockey season of 1911 was not very successful, as far as winning is concerned, yet the team deserves congratulations on the excellent games they played in every instance. Owing to the junior series of the Intercollegiate League not being convened until the latter part of January, St. Andrew's and Trinity were placed in a group by themselves, and the matches played, other than the two with T.C.S., were purely exhibitions. The record of games played during the season is as follows:

S.A.C. vs. St. Michael's .....	Lost....	7—6
S.A.C. vs. T.C.S. ....	Lost....	16—4
S.A.C. vs. T.C.S. ....	Lost....	10—4
S.A.C. vs. St. Michael's .....	Lost....	11—2
S.A.C. vs. U.C.C. ....	Lost....	5—3
S.A.C. vs. Old Boys .....	Won....	4—3

### S.A.C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S.

**T**HE initial match of the season was played with St. Michael's Juniors at the Mutual Street Rink.

The game was fast throughout, and although it was a practice match the excitement was intense when, with five minutes more to play, the score stood six all.

St. Andrew's netted the first goal, but St. Michael's gained the last decisive point.

Owing to illness, Munro (Capt.) and McCarter were not playing, their loss being greatly felt by the team.

Bailie was the star for St. Andrew's, scoring the first and last four goals, while Mitchell II. made the second.

The line-up was as follows:

Goal, Montgomery; Point, Kilgour; Coverpoint, Milne; Rover, Bailie; Centre, Mitchell II.; Right, Ault.

### S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

THE first game with Trinity College was played on the fourth of February at Port Hope.

T.C.S. were much heavier than our team, and had a faster forward division. St. Andrew's were in better condition, however, and in the second half, when playing an uphill game, kept the score even.

The whistle blew at 3.15, J. Waghorne refereeing. There was no scoring in the first of the game, but Trinity's superior weight and combination soon began to tell, and before the end of the first period thirteen well-directed shots from the home team had entered the Red and White net, while St. Andrew's had only scored one.

In the second half, S.A.C. bucked up considerably, and accounted for three goals, which, together with the three scored by T.C.S., made a total of 16—4.

Macaulay and Denison played an exceptionally good game for Trinity, Munro and Kilgour starring for St. Andrew's.

The line-ups were as follows:

T.C.S.: Goal, Duncan; Point, Teddar; Cover, Lindsay; Centre, Caldwell; Rover, Macaulay; Right Wing, Nelles; Left Wing, Denison; Spare, Martin.

S.A.C.: Goal, Montgomery; Point, Kilgour; Coverpoint, Munro (Capt.); Rover, Bailie; Centre, McCarter; Right Wing, Ault; Left Wing, Cotton.



## T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.

THE return match with T.C.S. was played at the Mutual St. Rink on Wednesday, February 8th, at 3.30 p.m. Trinity had much the heavier team, and used their weight to advantage, winning by a score of ten to four. The first half was all Trinity, they leading at the interval by eight to one; but in the second period the Crimson and White got going and outscored the winners, three to two, having the Red and Black on the run at the end of the game.

For the first few minutes the play was even; then Denison put the Red and Black ahead after a lone rush. McCarter was put off for tripping, and shortly after Macauley made it two to nothing. The play was mostly in St. Andrew's territory. Lindsay rushed, but was stopped by Kilgour; then in a mix-up in front of goal Nelles shoved the puck in, making the score three to nothing. After a few minutes of even play Teddar rushed and scored on a long shot. Score 4 to 0. Lindsay was put off for slugging, and soon after Munro was penalized for tripping. T.C.S. attacked, and Macaulay missed a clear shot on goal. Munro made a pretty zig-zag rush, and carried the play to the T.C.S. end, their goal-keeper stopping a hard shot from Cotton; but the puck was soon at the other end again, and Caldwell scored on a pass from Denison. S.A.C. began to wake up, and for a few minutes the T.C.S. net was bombarded. Baillie was penalized for slugging, and while he was off Caldwell netted the sixth goal on a long shot. Soon after the face-off Macauley repeated on a pass from Nelles. Munro blocked a two-man rush nicely, and took the puck down. Lindsay intercepted his pass, and rushing up scored the eighth goal. Caldwell was put off for loafing, and St. Andrew's began to force the play. Munro and Kilgour broke up several T.C.S. rushes, and then, just before half-time, Baillie scored the first goal for the Saints on a long shot. Score—T.C.S. 8, S.A.C. 1.

Soon after the face-off Denison was put off for tripping, and directly after Nelles was sent to the box for the same offence. S.A.C. forced the play, but could not score. Kilgour put Lindsay to the ice with a pretty body check, stopping his rush effectually; then Cotton was penalized for tripping. The play became pretty even, and both teams were checking back hard. Cotton returned,

only to be sent back for tripping again. Montgomery stopped several hard shots, and Munro made a spectacular rush, but shot wide. Teddar took the puck down, and evading the S.A.C. defence scored the ninth goal for T.C.S. Lindsay rushed, but was again stopped by Kilgour. Shortly afterward Macauley scored again on a pass from Denison. Montgomery stopped a hard shot, and then, on a scrimmage in front of the S.A.C. goal, the puck rolled into the net, but this goal was not allowed. St. Andrew's began to get together and forced the play. Cotton recovered the puck after it had been knocked out from in front of the T.C.S. net, and lifted it in for S.A.C.'s second tally. Right after the face-off, Kilgour and McCarter combined for a score from the latter's stick. S.A.C. had much the better of the play at this stage, and the game became rough. Munro and Lindsay were put off for exchanging cracks, and soon after Ault and Denison were penalized for the same thing. Kilgour made a pretty rush, and scored on a long shot. The goal was disputed, but the goal-judge stuck to his decision, and it was allowed. Play continued evenly for a few moments; then McCarter was boxed for tripping Lindsay, and a little while after the game ended with T.C.S. in possession near centre. Score—T.C.S. 10, S.A.C. 4.

For the winners, Lindsay, Denison and Macauley played well, while for St. Andrew's, Kilgour and Munro were good on the defence. Baillie was the pick of the forwards. The line-up:

T.C.S.: Goal, Martin; Point, Teddar; Cover, Lindsay; Rover, Macauley; centre, T. Caldwell; Left, Denison; Right, Nelles.

S.A.C.: Goal, Montgomery; Point, Kilgour; Cover, Munro (Capt.); Rover, Baillie; Centre, McCarter; Left, Cotton; Right, Ault.

H. CRAWFORD.

### S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.



ON Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, the Mutual Street Rink was crowded with the enthusiastic supporters of Upper Canada and St. Andrew's Colleges.

Although the game was scheduled to start at 3 o'clock, the teams did not get on the ice till ten minutes later.

U.C.C. were first to arrive, followed closely by the St. Andrew's seven, loud applause greeting both teams.



Upper Canada won the toss, and chose the west end of the rink.

After the puck was faced off, several individual rushes were made by both sides, Montgomery distinguishing himself by stopping a hard shot from Palmer. Cotton now carried the puck down the ice, but his shot was deftly turned aside by the U.C.C. goal-tender.

McCarter was first to take a box seat, and while he was cooling his ardor, the U.C.C. rover, Clarke, scored a goal.

Another shot a few minutes later nearly resulted in a goal, but as an offside had previously been made there was no score. Upper Canada were not to be denied, however, for Palmer now sagged the net from near the centre of the ice.

In the following ten minutes the game seemed even, some wild shooting being done. Crawford got away for a sensational rush, but shot too high.

Clarke was next to register a goal for Upper Canada, which made the score read 3—0. This lead was not to be maintained long, however, for the rubber had scarcely been put in play when Ault ran it up the ice and scored the initial goal for St. Andrew's.

Palmer now went to the side two minutes for tripping, during which time Munro and Cotton made a combination rush through the Upper Canada line, which terminated in the latter netting another goal for S.A.C. For the remainder of the half the puck was kept mostly in the vicinity of the U.C.C. goal. But as no more scores were made, the half-time bell rang, with U.C.C. 3—2.

In the second half both teams seemed benefited by the ten minutes' rest, but for the first fifteen minutes St. Andrew's had a decided advantage. Ault and Bailie made two close shots, narrowly escaping the Upper Canada net; one of these was returned by Palmer, and in doing so he succeeded in carrying off the hat of one of our esteemed masters.

Cotton now took the puck from Clarke, and making a lightning rush, broke the U.C.C. defence, landing another goal successfully.

This evened up the score, and it would have been hard to say at that time who would ultimately be victorious.

There was no scoring for a considerable time, the puck passing alternately from St. Andrew's to Upper Canada, and vice-versa. Eventually, however, Clarke pierced the almost impenetrable defence which Montgomery had kept.

Palmer tallied again for U.C.C. in the last three minutes, and,

although several good rushes were made by St. Andrew's in the hope of evening up, they failed to find the net, the score remaining 5—3 until full time.

On the Upper Canada line, Palmer excelled by his brilliant rushes. The rover, Clarke, and Heintzman did good work, but Palmer is especially worthy of merit.

For St. Andrew's, Munro (Capt.) was undoubtedly the best man on the ice.

Montgomery starred in goal, warding off many dangerous shots, while Crawford, who took Kilgour's place at point, the latter suffering from grippe, played a remarkably strong game, considering that he had had no previous work-outs with the team.

Both teams deserve credit for the fast game they played, keeping the excitement intense from start to finish.

The line-up was:

U.C.C.: Goal, Armstrong; Point, Palmer (Capt.); Cover, Clarkson; Rover, Clarke; Centre, Ellis; Right, Tuck; Left, Heintzman.

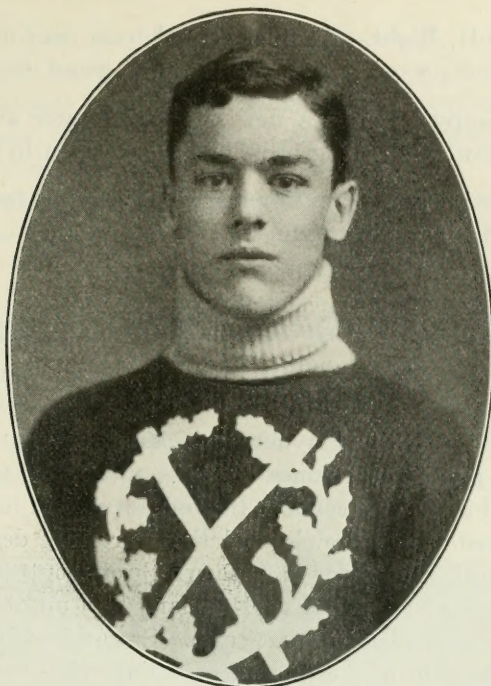
S.A.C.: Goal, Montgomery; Point, Crawford; Cover, Munro; Rover, Bailie; Centre, McCarter; Right, Ault; Left, Cotton; Spares, Fraser, Sharpe.

D. W. M.



12°—Who Cares?





Toady Munro, (Capt.)

## PERSONNEL.

**M**UNRO (Toady), Coverpoint, Captain.—An old colour; ranks among the best players in the history of the College. Kept his team together well, and knew how to play his position.

*Montgomery* (Monty), Goal.—First year on the team; never lost his head; a sure stop, showing up particularly well in the U.C.C. game.

*Kilgour* (Tubby), Point.—Old colour; an excellent defence man; a hard check, using his weight to great advantage.

*Bailie* (Speck), Rover.—New boy; a good stick-handler and skater; a fine shot, but inclined to shoot too far.

*McCarter* (Mack.), Centre.—Graduated from last year's second team; a hard worker, playing his position well.

*Ault* (Lloyd), Right.—Another second team man of last year; works hard, and played a steady game throughout the season.

*Cotton* (Happy), Left.—A new boy; fast skater and accurate shot; rather slow at checking back, but a hard man to pass.

The team wishes to thank Manager McGillivray for his painstaking work during the season.

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## SECOND TEAM.

THE second team had a most successful hockey season this winter, playing five games. They won two, tied two, and lost one. This year's seconds is the lightest second team that has ever represented St. Andrew's, and they certainly deserve credit for the good work which they have shown throughout the season.

The first game was played on February 11th up at Newmarket against Pickering College of that town. St. Andrew's didn't win this game on account of their heavy penalties. Score was 7—7.

Their second game was at the Mutual Street Rink against the University School, which was also a tie, —1—1. The forward line all worked well in this game, and showed class.

The return game with Pickering was the next on the programme. Our seconds were handicapped, playing a heavy team in water, you might say, and so lost by the score of 3—0. Davidson and Fraser starred.

The next and most important game was played at Mutual St. Rink on Feb. 27th against Upper Canada Seconds. It was a good fast game, St. Andrew's winning by the score of 5—2. Fraser, Crawford and Mitchell were the stars, while for U.C.C., Boulder at centre was good.

Next and last game of the season was with T.C.S. Seconds. This also was a very good brand of hockey, but our Seconds proved themselves superior to the team from Port Hope, and won by the score of 5—2. The two Mitchells and Hatch played a fine game, and Malone in goal played a wonderful game, not only in this, but throughout the season. It is hard to pick the stars for this or for any of the games, as it was more team work that won.



Crawford did not play at the first of the season, and strengthened the team when he turned out. The following is the line-up:

Goal, Malone; Point, C. Mitchell; Cover, Crawford and Sharpe; Rover, Fraser (Capt.); Centre, D. Mitchell; Right Wing, Davidson; Left Wing, Hatch.

The thanks of the team are due Mat. Foster for his able management of the team.

MUNRO.

### LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY FIRST TEAM.

ON Saturday morning of the 4th of February, we played Alexander's team. Although the score was rather one-sided, it was a good game. For our team, Thompson and Malcolm starred, while Jordan and Masson played their positions well.



1st Hockey Team—Lower School.

For the visitors, Munro and Alexander were the stars, Alexander making both their goals.

The game was hard at every point, and till the last quarter the outcome was doubtful. In the last ten minutes, however, Alexander's team lagged, and three goals were shot in, one after the

other, winning a victory for S.A.C. The score as it stood finally was 10—2.

## SECOND HOCKEY TEAM.

**A**LTHOUGH six games were arranged for, only two were actually played, and the second team could hardly have been said to have had a successful season.

The first game was against Upper Canada College, and we began the season very well. The game commenced about 4 o'clock



2nd Hockey Team—Lower School.

on a lovely day in January. It took about twenty minutes before either team could bulge the nets, and Grant did the trick on a shot from the left boards.

Soon after half-time the Blue and White tied the score from a scrimmage in front of the goal. This disheartened the Junior House a little, but Grant again relieved on a lone rush, and put the Saints ahead. That ended the scoring, and the game ended 2—1 for the Crimson. Line-up:

Goal, Munn II.; Point Whitaker II.; Cover-point, Graham; Rover, Whitaker III.; Centre, Might; Right Wing, McIvor; Left Wing, Grant II.



The second game was against the "Rosadales," but could hardly be termed as a game, as the score would indicate. The teams clashed about 3.30 on the 13th of February, and at half-time the Saints led by 6 to 0, and at full-time by 15—0. All played good hockey, and it would be hard to say who scored the goals. The line-up was the same as the U.C.C. game.

Other games were arranged for, but our opponents always seemed to back out.

R. H. G.

## CRICKET PROSPECTS.

THE cricket prospects for this year, although not so bright as in some former seasons, appear to be very good.

We have two old colours back—Cassels and Crawford—both of last year's team, and from the second team there are four—Sutherland I., Patterson I., Risteen I. and McCarter.

The bowling department should be well looked after. Sutherland I. bowled very consistently for the seconds last year, heading the averages. Patterson I. has also done considerable bowling. There are besides several new men who should turn out well in that department of the game.

The position of wicket-keeper, which is usually so hard to fill, will be keenly contested this year, as several fellows have suggested that they intend to try for that position.

As professional this year we have procured the services of Mr. Granger, from Port Hope. Mr. James has kindly consented to help us to the best of his ability, so that if the team does not turn out well it will not be from a lack of good coaching.

Upwards of forty fellows have handed their names in, so, if the interest does not flag, we look forward to a fairly successful season.

S. H. CRAWFORD.

## VARSAITY WIT.


Hotel Clerk: I found that "Not to be used except in case of fire" placard those college boys stole out of the corridor.

Manager: Where?

Clerk: They'd nailed it up over the coal-bin.—*Ex.*

## *Miscellany*

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

ITH the end of the winter term the meetings of the Literary Society conclude for another year. Thanks to the energy of the Vice-President and his assistants, we have always had a pleasant time, and we feel sure that the Society has justified the two-fold object of amusement and improvement for which it exists.

The most outstanding meeting was the one where Dr. Yeigh delivered his lecture on the British Empire. Dr. Yeigh has delivered his lecture on Canada in the school before, and it was much appreciated, but the interest of his new lecture is even greater, just as its scope is more comprehensive.

We are all greatly indebted to Miss Gray for her songs and recitations, which she must have seen were greatly appreciated, and to Mr. Neads, whose songs we hear with greater pleasure each time he comes. We hope that Mr. Crawford will make his first appearance a precedent, and will bring others of the old boys back to perform for us. We should enjoy many more such songs as his.

There has been the usual number of maiden efforts on the part of the two-minute orators. Often the effort is more apparent than the result. Some of them seem to be imbued with that maxim which we all resented so much in our youth, that "Little boys should be seen, and not heard." Let us hasten to assure them that their exertions gave more pleasure to the rest of us than, perhaps, at the time to themselves. There can be little doubt that some of them, as great speakers, will one day regard as the foundation of their oratorical greatness the time when they see-sawed from one foot to the other, and watched the clock tell off what were probably the two longest minutes they will ever know.

The more serious speeches delivered in the debates were uniformly good. Those members of the Society who take the time and trouble to get up the subjects for debate deserve our hearty thanks. That, however, will be of less importance to them than the very valuable training which they will derive from the effort of preparation, and still more from the effort required to get up and speak

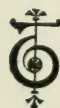


in public. It occurs to us that it would be a very good thing if a debating club could be formed with the serious object of promoting and improving the art of public speaking in the school. Such a club, if limited to those who have sufficient interest to take the matter seriously, might accomplish far more than the Lit., the personnel of which is too varied to turn it into a pure debating society.

The legal talent of the college got a chance to display itself at the mock trial, which was a great success. The counsel deserve special commendation not only for conducting the case with great ability, which any well-trained lawyer can do, but also for providing it, which is a thing that most lawyers are unable to do, however much they might like to.

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### CADET CORPS' DANCE.

HE Cadet Corps' dance—was it a success or a failure? Well, that depends largely upon whom you danced with, and still more largely upon who danced with you. Still, if the consensus of opinion be taken, it may unreservedly be called a success. Was there ever a dance that was not a success?

The hall was decorated with excellent taste, and the manner in which some of the classrooms were turned into parlors reminded one of Alladin and his Lamp, especially if he were acquainted with the rooms in their every-day prosaic appearance. Chairs and couches were placed at judicious intervals, and the transformation was complete.

The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald and Captain Bicknell, and soon the dance had begun. O, *vanitas vanitatum*, said the preacher. Everything went along with the most exasperating smoothness and tranquility until towards the end, when the dances became mixed. Then great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth, but also great was the joy thereof; for some seemed unaccountably elated, and continued dancing as though nothing had happened. But what was the primal cause and origin of this catastrophe? Ah, that is the question. But 'tis whispered that the bugle became entangled in the dress of a certain young

lady. Now, this would not have been bad at all, had not the bugler himself become entangled; and the result was, no bugle, which finally culminated in the above-mentioned catastrophe.

The dance finally came to an end with "God Save the King," and a "Hoot, mon, Hoot" was given as a finishing touch, with more than the usual energy. The REVIEW desires to extend its congratulations to those who were instrumental in making the dance a success, and also to thank Mr. Taylor for the really excellent respite he afforded from the orchestra.

G. M. V.

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### THE FOOTBALL SUPPER.

THE annual Football Supper was held on the night of Monday, the 12th of December, just too late to appear in the Christmas REVIEW. Although it occurred some time ago, it still lives very bright in the memories of those fortunate enough to be present.

At eight o'clock, led by Dr. Macdonald, the masters and old boys, the members of the first and second teams proceeded to the dining hall, which was tastefully decorated with flags, college colors and ferns, and sat down to the tables, which—well, every S. A. C. boy heard that night of the delicacies we had, and envied those who were present.

After the supper we had some excellent speeches and several piano solos, also the good old college song, "March, March on Down the Field."

The following is the toast list: "The King," proposed by Dr. Macdonald; "Canada and the Empire," proposed by Crawford and responded to by Mr. Taylor; "The College," proposed by "Herby" Allan, and responded to by Dr. Macdonald; "The Staff," Montgomery and Mr. Robinson; "The Athletic Association," McGillivray and Mr. Chapman; "The First Team," Ault and Kilgour; "The Second Team," Nicol and Munro; "The Cross-Country," Davison II. and Sutherland; "The Ladies," Ross and Bicknell; "The Ex-Captains," Kilgour and Harry Housser, Julian Sale, Jack Hope and "Herby" Allan.

D. S. SCOTT.



## ALPHABET.

A is for Ambrose, who hails from the South.  
If you mention a nigger he foams at the mouth.

B stands for Black, but to judge from his head,  
His name's a mistake, for he should be called Red.

C is for Courtney, with broad, smiling face.  
A deep apple-pie would just fit in its place.

D is for Davison; small though he be,  
He can manage his team with giggles of glee.

E is for Eagland, with the pompadour hair,  
That looks just like Heaven—there's no parting there.

F is for Fraser, sometimes called Frig.  
He saws on his fiddle both hymn tunes and jig.

G is for Gideon, a Biblical name;  
The way that he fusses is truly a shame.

H is for Hutchins of smashed-transom fame;  
For a week he went limping about, very lame.

I is for Ingram, who walks in his sleep;  
But mention the tuck-shop, and see his eyes leap.

J is for Jardine, so slender is he  
The strings of his fiddle no thinner could be.

K is for Kilgour, who captained the team.  
But Latin and Greek are not always his theme.

L is for Lovering, who comes from Coldwater,  
And never works half as hard as he orter.

M is for Monty, who is sadly in love;  
But we'll not tell the name of his wee turtle dove.

N is for Nicoll, a sailor he'd be,  
With the Empress to travel across to Chinee.

O is for Olinger, who lives o'er the line.  
He lost his appendix in 1909.

P is for Patsy, whose hat doesn't fit.  
He often reads poetry aloud at the Lit.

Q is so queer that we haven't a name,  
But we'll give it a place in the list just the same.

R is for Rusty, who came out of the West,  
And vows that Vancouver's the only and best.

S is for Sutherland, of cross-country fame.  
He's terribly shy, and won't look at a dame.

T is for Thompson, from Bermuda's fair isle,  
Where onions and lilies are always in style.

U stands for Upper; C. C. is the rest.  
We meet them at all times with interest and zest.

V is for Veggie, who scorns tomcat meat,  
But thinks himself rich with an onion or beat.

W's for Wilson, sometimes called Handsome Harry,  
Who often at Huyler's doth linger and tarry.

X stands for Unknown in the Algebra book.  
If we had our way it would soon get the hook.

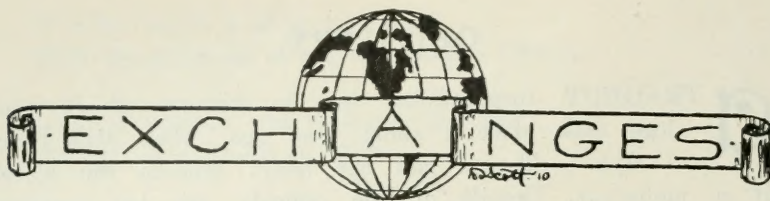
Y stands for Young, who, at making a noise,  
Can scarcely be beat by fifteen other boys.

Z is for Zomeone whose name we forget,  
So we hang it below with the sign "To Be Let."



## OBITUARY.

A TRAGEDY unparalleled in the history of the college took place a short time ago, when Miss Helen ("Gyp") Taylor met her death beneath the wheels of a motor-car. Details of the tragedy are too inexpressibly sad to bear repeating, but the sympathy of many friends goes out to Mr. Taylor in his irreparable loss. The funeral was of a strictly private nature, and there were many beautiful floral tributes, purple predominating. Among those in the mourning carriages were noticed: Madam Juno Taylor, who was supported by Mr. Rusty Rolph; Mr. Mike Macdonald and Madam J. Kent, Mr. Knight Kilgour, and Mr. Jumbo James, whose engagement to Miss Helen had been recently announced, was completely prostrated with grief, his loud moans calling forth much sympathy. He is said to have lost several pounds in the course of the interment. To all those so sadly affected by the death of this estimable lady, the REVIEW extends its deepest condolence.



OUR exchanges certainly come from far and wide. Several weeks ago, we received one day an exchange from Heidelberg, Germany, and the next day one from Tientsin, China.

*The Iris*, from the Philadelphia High School for Girls, is a very good paper.

*Lux Columbiana* would be improved by a few cuts and a story or two.

*The Western Canada College Review* would be improved by a story and fewer short items.

*Acta Ridleiana* is a good all-around paper.

*The Mirror* is an excellent magazine. The cuts and headings are very good.

*College Echoes* and the *Boone Review*, both from far-away China, are very welcome exchanges. The cuts in the *Review* are very interesting.

*The Branksome Slogan* is a well-got-up paper and contains some interesting matter.

*The Quill* does not contain much of interest to outsiders, except the jokes, which are good.

*The Varsity* contains good cartoons and lots of interesting news.

*The Calendar* is a very good magazine. The joke column, especially, is always good.



*The T. C. S. Record* certainly lives up to its name.

*The Ashburian* is a very neat little paper.

*The Bishop Bethune College Magazine* would be greatly improved by a few good cuts.

*The Arbor* contains lots of interesting matter, and is neatly got up. It is indeed a first-class production in every way.

*The Collegiate Outlook* is a rather neat little paper. A few cuts or headings would improve it.

*The College World* improves with every number.

*The McMaster University Monthly* has some very good stories and articles.

*The Acadia Athenaeum* is a very good magazine.

*The Argo* is an interesting paper.

*Alt-Heidelberg* is a very welcome exchange.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges, with thanks: *Branksome Slogan*, Branksome College, Toronto; *Lux Columbiana*, Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *Varsity*, Toronto University, Toronto; *Queen's University Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston; *McMaster University Monthly*, McMaster University, Toronto; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, St. Hilda's, Toronto; *Acta Ridleiana*, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; *The University Monthly*, Toronto University, Toronto; *The Quill*, Alcium Prep. School, New York; *Western Canada College Review*, Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *Alt-Heidelberg*, Heidelberg University, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Mirror*, Central High School, Philadelphia; *The Collegian*, St. Thomas Coll. Inst., St. Thomas; *The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo; *The Argo*, Rutger's Prep. School, New Brunswick, New Jersey; *Black and Red*, University College, Victoria, B.C.; *The Arbor*, Toronto University,

Toronto; *Acadia Athenaeum*, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The Collegiate Outlook*, Moosejaw, Sask.; *T.C.S. Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Iris*, Philadelphia High School for Girls; *College Echoes*, Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin, China; *The B. B. C. Magazine*, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *College World*, New York.

D. S. SCOTT.

### CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

**M**RS. NEWLYWED (weeping): Henry, I am sure I have grounds for a divorce! I am positive that you have deceived me!

Mr. Newlywed: What in the world do you mean? What have I done to arouse such a foolish suspicion?

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping harder): I saw a memorandum in your pocket this morning to—to buy some new ribbons for your typewriter!—*Ex.*

Where's Marie?

Upstairs, 'm; she's arranging madame's hair.

And madame—is she with her?—*Ex.*

Master (holding unruly pupil by the collar): I'm afraid Satan has hold of you.

Boy: I'm afraid so, too.—*Ex.*

Pat: What do you charge for a funeral notice in your paper?

Editor: Fifty cents an inch.

Pat: Good Heavens, an' me poor brother was six feet.—*Ex.*

Fashionable: How is your wife this Fall?

Thanks, just able to hobble around.—*Ex.*

PERHAPS NOT.—An instructor in a church school where much attention was paid to sacred history, dwelt particularly on the phrase, "And Enoch was not, for God took him." So many times



was this repeated in connection with the death of Enoch that he thought even the dullest pupil would answer correctly when asked in examination: "State in the exact language of the Bible what is said of Enoch's death."

But this was the answer he got:

"Enoch was not what God took him for."—*Brooklyn Life*.

There was a young man named Cadwalader,

Who saw a young lady and folader,

But a smack from her hand

Made him well understand

There were few who struck blows any solader.

—*Princeton Tiger*

There was a young man of Perth,

Who was born on the day of his birth.

He was married, they say,

On his wife's wedding day,

And he died on his last day on earth.

A man once remarked to his wife

That he was aweary of life.

Replying, she said,

"Take *Judge*, then, instead."

Then he went after her with a knife.

—*Columbia Jester*.

"John, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house?"—*Ex*.

"He has all kinds of money."

"Rich, eh?"

"No; coin.collector."

Young Madam: Are you the oldest in the family?

Boy: Nope; ma and pa are both older than I am.

## GETTING MARRIED AGAIN.

Stella: I hear that Lizzie is talking of getting married again.

Bella: I didn't know that she had been married once.

Stella: She isn't. I said she was talking of it again.

When you see a bumble bee  
Bumming o'er the lea,  
The thing that you had better do,  
Is to let that bumble bee.

He: Can you tell me why a thief who has been arrested several times is called a jailbird?

She: I am afraid I cannot; why is it?

He: Because he's been a-robbin'.

## THE OTHER'S PET.

Neighbor: How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?

Ditto: That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick.

"John, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but I don't think he can read it."

"Why not, John?"

"Because he is blind, sir. When I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was; and it was on my head all the time."

The new minister was inspecting a Scot's stock, and paused to admire a donkey. "Fine donkey that, Mac," said the minister. "What dae ye ca' him?"

"Maxwelton," was the reply.

"Wherefore that, mon?" cried the minister.

"Because his brays are bonny," came the answer.—*Ex.*

Prosecuting Attorney: Your Honor, the sheriff's bull-pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible.

Judge: Well, make the witness kiss the bull-pup, then. We can't adjourn court just to hunt up a new Bible.—*Ex.*



## SYMPATHY.

"Jones is fast going to the dogs."

"I'm very sorry to hear it. I'm extremely fond of dogs."—*Ex.*

## ADVICE TO YOUNG AVIATORS.

Always jump when an accident is imminent. What is the use of being hurt when a leap of half a mile or so will save you?

Move about in your seat occasionally. Half the thrills you get are when you think the plane is about to turn turtle.

If affected by heights, ascend as much as possible. You will be so much more thankful when you come back to earth.

If another plane should be about to pass you in a race, run it down. Fouls are so common in the air that it will probably be overlooked.—*Ex.*

"Strange," said the thinker, "what eager interest that dog is taking in that cat chase!"

"Yes," replied the financier, "very strange, considering that his interest is based only on one purr scent."—*Ex.*

In a Massachusetts graveyard there is a stone having the inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."—*Ex.*

Dr. T.: Young man, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments.

Young Man: Certainly, sir, if you promise to put me together again.—*Ex.*

You can lead a horse to water  
But you cannot make it drink,  
You can ride a Latin pony,  
But you cannot make it think.

A man having an occasion to want a lawyer, came across the name, "A. Swindler, Attorney-at-Law." The peculiarity of the name led him to interview the man. He engaged him. On further acquaintance he asked him: "Why don't you write your entire name? 'A. Swindler' is so queer." "Well, I thought that A. would be better than Adam, and that is my name."—*Ex.*

It happened in Topeka. There are three clothing stores in one block. One morning the proprietor of the middle store stuck his head out of the door and looked around him. On his left was a huge sign: "Mammoth Bargain Sale"; on his right another: "Closing Out at Cost." He withdrew and in twenty minutes reappeared with this sign, which he tacked up over the door: "Main Entrance."—*Ex.*

His hand neared hers, he whispered low,  
She heaved a little sigh,  
And gently put her hand in his—  
"Fares, please!" she'd heard him cry.

—*Ex.*

"What do you charge for your rooms?"  
"Five dollars up."  
"But I'm a student."  
"Then it's five dollars down."—*Ex.*

A lady once remarked to Winston Churchill in the course of a conversation: "I like your politics as little as I do your moustache."

"Well, madam," replied Mr. Churchill, "you are not likely to come in contact with either."—*Ex.*

In a New York street car recently a young man attracted the attention of the other passengers by suddenly leaping from his seat and picking up something from between the slats of the floor. For a moment he examined his find. Then he asked, "Did anybody lose a five-dollar gold piece?"

A ministerial-looking man got up from his seat at the other end of the car and started toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, "I dropped a five-dollar gold piece when I got on, but owing to the crush I couldn't find it."

"Very well," said the young man gleefully. "Here's a nickel toward it."—*Ex.*



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for the students

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Fancy Vests - - \$1.50 to \$5.00

English Neglige Shirts, select pat-  
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Dent's and Fownes' Gloves, \$1.00

Aertex Cellular Underwear, 75c to  
\$1.50 per garment.

See our Tennis Shirts.

Duck Trousers

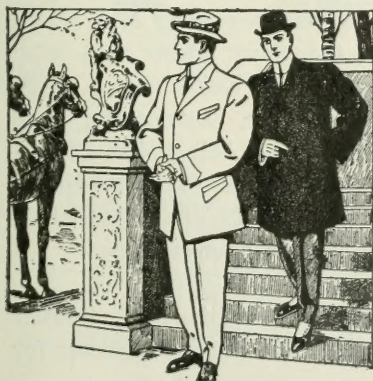
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IS apparent in our new styling of  
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We put distinction in the clothes  
we make, an exclusive touch and  
finish that marks them as being  
"master-tailored." We have a splen-  
did assortment of new and attractive  
fabrics in novel designs and popular  
colorings. The discriminating dresser  
has his clothes made here.

*Discount to Students*

**Edwin T. Berkinshaw**

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Jones was having a new bathtub put in his home, and was very enthusiastic about it.

"My, but it looks nice," he said. "I can hardly wait till Saturday."—*Ex.*

First Chauffeur: There is one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby."

Second Chauffeur: So do I; those nursing bottles raise Cain with the tires.—*Ex.*

"Hist!" exclaimed the Villain in a new play. "Are we alone?"

"Not quite," said a voice from the orchestra circle, "I am here."

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Notwithstanding the nervous shock attending her recent trial, Miss Calomel Dashaway was the hostess of a very pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon in her apartments on the upper flat. The rooms looked very bright and sunny, the decorations being carried out in brown and blue. The hostess was wearing a handsome gown of light green silk, with a yoke and sleeves of red jeweled net, and some pink Oriental embroidery on the bodice. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Lucil Nicol, of Vancouver, who wore a bright yellow dress of satin. In charge of the pretty tea table was Miss DeMar Fraser, who was gowned in white pongee silk and a brown hat, trimmed in shades of red. The ices were served by Miss Mabel Montgomery. Helping to look after the many guests were Miss Landiss Davison, Miss Dot Baillie and Miss De Noise Young. Miss Lightfoot Moore opened the door to the visitors. Among the many guests were a few theatrical folk, the principal being Miss Dimple Ferguson, starring in "A Fat Woman's Revenge"; Miss De Rouge Black, late of "The Midway Prancers," and Miss Vivian Meredith, with her understudy. The whole affair was a huge success.

The many friends of Mr. Cheese Munro will be sorry to hear that he has decided to live abroad. He left Monday evening for Pembroke.



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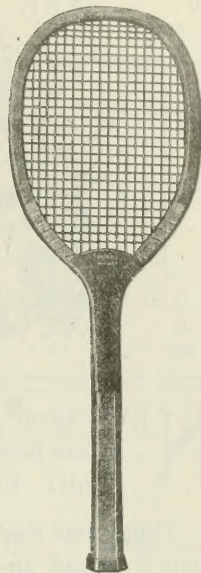
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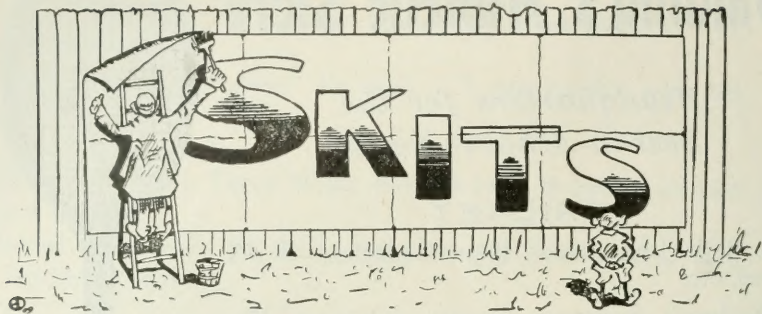
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Toronto, Ont.**





**N** EWS agent (on the way home from Port Hope): Wait until father hears about the game.

Ault: Yes, he'll send more money.

Veggy has decided that the next time he rents a piano he will keep it locked up in his trunk.

Dr. Macdonald: Well, Ault, are your lessons done for Monday?

Ault: Yes, sir; like all the rest of the lessons in V. B., they are underdone.

Foster I.: That's a rare one.

Mr. K. (to Hoeffler, who is looking at a thermometer): Don't look at it too long. It will go up.

Heard in Lower Sixth:

Mr. K. (to Baird): If you are going to make a noise in here, you are going to keep quiet.

Mr. K. (to Snow): Your presence in here is anything but savory.

Mr. K. (to Hanna): If you are coming in here you are going out.

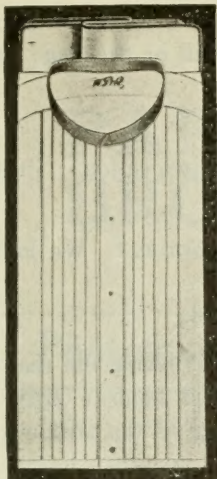
Mr. M. (calling Baird): Baird, adsum.

Mr. Magee: Yes, I will add some.

The Yiddish Dramatic Club, under the management of Yid. Lightbourn (Francis Gwyn) went up in the air owing to the sickness of the leading lady, Miss Phoebe Snow.

Mr. Findley: We will now sing "Little Drops of Water," and put a little spirit in it.





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It is shortsighted because the sound risk of to-day may be the unsound risk of to-morrow. One's own determination is not the only thing to be considered, and to-morrow, owing to your illness, or some accidental occurrence, the Company may have to decline to issue a policy on your life.

It is shortsighted because the premiums

charged increase with each year of age. Every year adds something to the cost of protection. Therefore, common business prudence should lead you to insure at as early an age as possible.

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W. D. MATHEWS, Esq., FREDERICK WYLD, Esq., Vice-Presidents

W. C. MACDONALD, Secretary and Actuary

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director

Mr. Magee (reading French): Don't be afraid of the dog; he is so old that he has no teeth.

Voice from back: That must be Juno.

Wilson I. (seeing papers on floor, before bed inspection): Pick up those house lates, Noisy.

McGoog: Why weren't you at school this morning? We had exam.

Tubby: That's just the reason I wasn't there.

Messrs. Gideon and Herskowitch wish to bring before the reading public the sensational book entitled "Escaped from a Graveyard," by Douglas S. Scott, a personal experience of the author's.

Master to Dimock II.: Dimock, are you talking?

Dimock: No, sir. I just asked Bell to open the window.

Veggy Scott thinks they ought to have lettuce sandwiches at the Tuck.

Mr. Taylor (to Ault): Oh, yes, you're like the factory—the machinery shut down and the whistle still going.

Freddy (to Porter): Have you got a piece of toast?

Porter: No. Why?

Freddy: I'm a poached egg, and I want to sit down.

Ault: Truth is as clear as a bell.

Gilmour: Your bell is never tolled. (Cheers.)

Freddy (after mock trial): My daughter's age should have been twenty instead of nineteen, but I couldn't say t—t—twenty.

Lash (in chemistry room): Please, sir, I took my physics from the nurse instead of the book last night.

Master (to Marshall II.): Marshall, what are you doing?

Marshall: Nothing, sir.

Master: Don't do it again.

Bell to Black: Say, Red, whenever you're out of a job apply at a railroad office and go on as a danger signal.

Harry Wilson (holding out a music case): Here, Freddy, come to your little bed.



TELEPHONE M. 1269

## PARK BROS.

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fathers, and now yourselves  
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Mr. Taylor (to Firstbrook): Does that smiling interfere with your eating.

Snelgrove (coming in late Monday morning): First time this week, sir.

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Not on your life. Ask Mulligan."

Mr. Taylor: I think it would be better if we were to do as in some schools, and thrash the boys on the spot for such things.

McKeague: What spot, sir.

Freddy Davison (putting on a bright blue and pink shirt): I believe this sh—sh—sh—shirt is a t—t—trifle loud.

Nigger Ambrose (at table): You fellows want to eat all your toast this morning so you won't get it in your pudding to-night.

The S. A. C. Aquatic Club will meet at four Wednesday afternoon. Courtenay, Sec.

Speck Baillie (looking at Noisy Young): Oh, you pipe-cleaner!

Mr. Tudball (to member of upper six): Take four quarters.

Mystery of lower six—Who got the rake-off on Lightbourne's hair-cut?

Noisy Young (to Veggy): You're not in my class at all. I've gained three pounds since September. No more sleeping on the moulding for me.

Master: Give me an example of the use of the words vision and sight.

Boy: Well, you can call a girl a vision, but it would not be healthy to call her a sight.

Speck: Can you tell me what class-room Mr. Taylor is in this period?

Tody: Yes, the one Juno is waiting outside of.

Malcolm II. (ringing up the Queen's): Is pa there?

Mr. Taylor: Who made the disturbance in the lower study?

J. K. Wilson: Sir, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little alarm clock.



# Books for Students

## **TWICE-BORN MEN**

*Eng. Title: "Broken Earthenware"*

**By Harold Begbie**

A book which is something more than a sociological study. It presents the fact of conversion as a miracle of divine grace, by illustrations from living witnesses among the lowest types of men.

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**By Harold Begbie**

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**PRICE \$1.25 NET, POSTPAID**

**William Briggs,**

PUBLISHER and  
BOOKSELLER

**29-37 Richmond St. West  
TORONTO - ONTARIO**

Mr. Magee: Why have you your French book open during the lesson?

Ault: To find out the meaning of the words, sir.

Veggy has decided to take up shadow boxing—chasing himself around the gym.

Mr. T. (to Speck): You hockey fellows are altogether too fresh.

Hunter: They keep fresh on ice, sir.

Hutchings II.: Ah, hang, the boss says he won't send me any more coin till Easter. What kind of love do you call that?

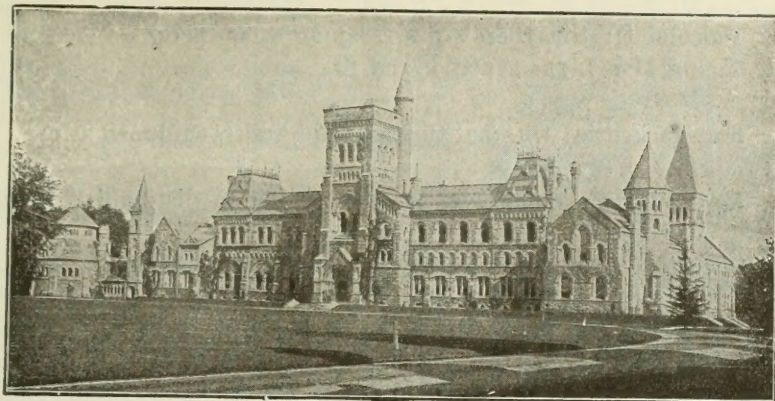
McClinton: Unremitting love, I guess.

Lloyd M. Ault, the famous prosecuting attorney, also asserts that he can sing.

Mr. Harris: In what continent is Egypt?

Whitney: Jerusalem, sir.





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or to the Secretaries of the respective Faculties.

Malcolm I.: Sir, there's gas escaping somewhere.

Young II.: Light a match and find out.

Fat Mackenzie: Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!

Mr. Laidlaw: Snelgrove, are you trying to distinguish yourself?

Snelgrove: No, sir; I am trying to extinguish Milne.

Mr. Magee: I didn't tell you to sit down.

Ross I.: Will I sit up, sir?

West (after explosion in Lab.): That's the most striking experiment we have had yet.

Mr. Knighton (rubbing his face): Yes, striking; that's the name for it.

Broderick: To-morrow was Monday, isn't it?

First boy (coming in late): Had to wait ten minutes for car, sir.

Second boy (from same car): Had to wait twenty minutes for car, sir.

Third boy (ditto): Had to wait about half an hour for a car, sir.

Mr. Magee: And you let a little thing like that stump you?

Ross: Yes, took my middle wicket.

Mr. Duff (to Brown II.): What is a clause.

Brown II. Why, sir, eh, don't you know?

Toady does not mind being gated. He just invites a few lady friends up to spend the afternoon with him.

Junior Prep Kid (about 11 a.m. Wednesday morning): I smell turkey.

Needless to say, he is a day boy.



## ST. ANDREW'S College Shields



Diamond Hall is showing two different styles of these shields.

A fine bronze shield showing the College Crest mounted on an oak base ( $16\frac{1}{4} \times 16\frac{1}{4}$  in.) sells at \$4.00.

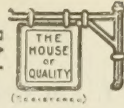
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Scott I. (to Crawford): Say, what did you write on in this month's composition?

Crawford: "The Approach of Spring." Isn't it a slushy subject?

Scott I.: Yes, it's one of the coming questions.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can do as well as they,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Things we cannot take away.

Heard in Upper Sixth:

Clarke I.: Where is Smoke to-day?

McClinton: He's all up the flew (flue).

Mr. Knighton: Hanna, if you want to make a noise in here, get outside.

Ambrose (handing in his name for cricket practice): I want to try for left field.

Nicol (about to do a monkey drop from the high bar): Catch me, Freddy.

New Boy (coming into lower sixth and seeing Baird and Hoeffler): Say, what is this—a hair-dressing department?

Extract from the Upper Sixth Gazette:

Count de Lion Scotti, yesterday, in his Scrap-Iron monoplane, made a record flight from the roof of the Gym, attaining the great height of 23 feet 6 inches, and making the circuit of the bell tower at a high speed. While rounding the tower for the second time, owing to the heavy wind the machine collapsed and fell to the ground, badly crushing the Count's newly laundered shirt. The Count will attempt another flight shortly in his new "Top-Heavy Speedless."

Master (disgustedly): I suppose I ought not to be surprised at any wild absurdities I come across.

Boy (sotto voce): No, not even if you look in a mirror.



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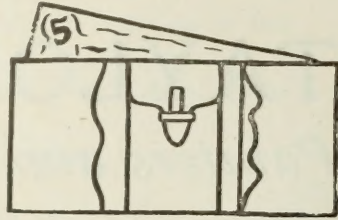
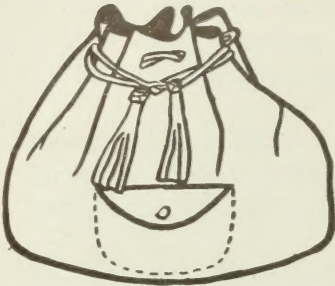
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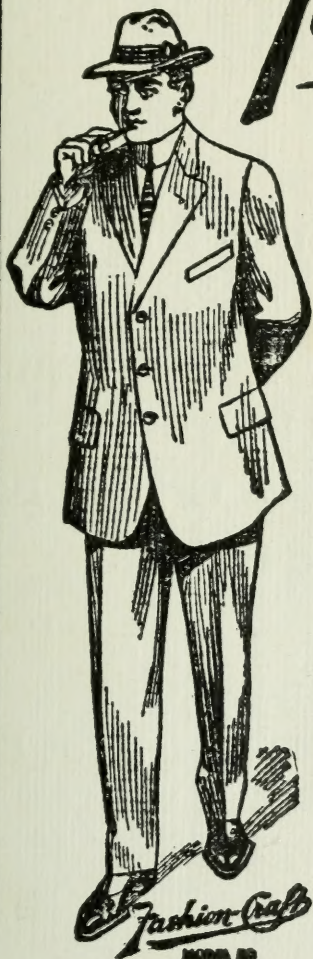
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